ABSALOM AND ACHITOPHEL.

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A POEM.

——Si Propriùs stes
Te Capiet Magis——

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TO THE
READER.

'TIS not my intention to make an Apology for my Poem: *Some will think it needs no Excuſe; and others will receive none. The deſign, I am ſure, is honeſt: but he who draws his Pen for one Party, muſt expect to make Enemies of the other. For,* Wit *and* Fool, *are Conſequences of* Whig *and* Tory: *And every man is a Knave or an Aſs to the contrary ſide. There's a Treaſury of Merits in the* Phanatick Church, *as well as in the* Papiſt; *and a Pennyworth to be had of Saintſhip, Honeſty and Poetry, for the Leud, the Factious, and the Blockheads: But the longeſt Chapter in* Deuteronomy, *has not Curſes enough for an Anti-*Bromingham. *My Comfort is, their manifeſt Prejudice to my Cauſe will render their Judgment of leſs Authority againſt me. Yet if a* Poem *have a* Genius, *it will force its own reception in the World. For there's a Sweetneſs in good Verſe, which Tickles even while it Hurts: And no man can be heartily angry with him, who pleaſes him againſt his Will. The Commendation of Adverſaries is the greateſt Triumph of a Writer; becauſe it never comes unleſs Extorted. But I can be ſatisfied on more eaſie terms: If I happen to pleaſe the more Moderate ſort I ſhall be ſure of an honeſt Party; and, in all probability, of the beſt Judges: for the leaſt concern'd are commonly the leaſt Corrupt. And, I confeſs, I have laid in for thoſe, by relating the* Satyr *(where Juſtice would allow it) from carrying too ſharp an Edge. They, who can Criticize ſo weakly, as to imagine I have done my worſt, may be convinc'd, at their own Coſt, that I can write Severely, with more eaſe, than I can Gently. I have but laugh'd at ſome mens Follies, when I could have declaim'd againſt their Vices, and, other mens Vertues I have commended, as freely as I have tax'd their Crimes. And now, if you are a Malicious* Reader, *I expect you ſhould return upon me, that I affect to be thought more Impartial than I am. But, if men are not to be judg'd by their Profeſſions, God forgive you* Commonwealths-men, *for Profeſſing ſo plauſible for the Government. You cannot be ſo Unconſcionable, as to charge me for not Subſcribing of my Name; for that would reflect too groſly upon your own Party, who never dare; though they have the advantage of a Jury to ſecure them. If you like not my* Poem, *the fault may, poſſibly, be in my Writing: (though 'tis hard for an Author to judge againſt himſelf;) But more probably 'tis in your Morals, which cannot bear the truth of it. The Violent, on both ſides, will condemn the Character of* Abſalom, *as either too favourably, or too*

hardly

hardly drawn. But they are not the Violent, whom I desire to please: The fault, on the right hand, is to Extenuate, Palliate and Indulge, and, to confess freely, I have endeavoured to commit it. Besides the respect which I owe his Birth, I have a greater for his Heroick Virtues: and, David *himself, could not be more tender of the Young man's Life, than I would be of his* Reputation. *But, since the most excellent natures are almost the most easie; and, as being such, are the soonest perverted by ill Counsels, especially when baited with Fame and Glory; 'tis no more a wonder that he withstood not the temptations of* Achitophel, *than it was for* Adam *not to have resisted the two Devils, the Serpent and the Woman: The Conclusion of the Story, I purposely forbore to prosecute: because, I could not obtain from my self, to shew* Absalom *Unfortunate. The Frame of it was cut out, but for a Picture to the Waste; and, if the Draught be so far true, 'tis as much as I design'd.*

Were I the Inventor, who am only the Historian, I should certainly conclude the Piece with the Reconcilement of Absalom *to* David. *And, who knows but this may come to pass? Things were not brought to an Extremity where I left the Story; There seems, yet, to be room left for a Composure; hereafter, there may only be for Pity. I have not so much as an uncharitable wish against* Achitophel; *but, am content to be Accus'd of a good natur'd Error; and to hope with* Origen, *that the Devil himself may, at last, be sav'd. For which reason, in this* Poem, *he is neither brought to set his House in order, nor to dispose of his Person afterwards, as he in Wisdom shall think fit, God is infinitely merciful: and his Vicegerent is only not so, because he is not Infinite.*

The true end of Satyr *is the amendment of Vices by correction. And he who writes Honestly, is no more an Enemy to the Offender, than the Physician to the Patient, when he prescribes harsh Remedies to an inveterate Disease; for those, are only in order to prevent the Chyrurgeon's work of an* Ense rescindendum, *which I wish not to my very Enemies. To conclude all; If the Body Politique have any Analogy to the Natural, in my weak judgment, an Act of* Oblivion *were as necessary in a Hot, Distemper'd State, as an* Opiate *would be in a Raging Fever.*

THE KEY.

David, King *Charles* II. *Absalom,* D. *Monmouth. Annabel,* Dutchess of *Monmouth. Achitophel,* Earl of *Shaftsbury, Zimri,* D. of Buckingham L. Gray Biog. Dict. Vol. V. p. 512. *Balaam, Sidney. Caleb, Armstrong. Nadab, Ferguson. Shimei* Sheriff *Bethel. Corah, Stephen* College. *Bethsheba,* D. Portsmouth, or any other Concubine. *The rest Characters in Biog. Dict. Vol. IV. p. 512.*

Abſalom *and* Achitophel.

IN pious Times, e'er Prieſt-craft did begin,
Before *Polygamy* was made a Sin;
When Man on many, multiply'd his kind,
E'er one to one was, curſedly, confin'd:
When Nature prompted, and no Law deny'd
Promiſcuous uſe of Concubine and Bride;
Then, *Iſrael*'s Monarch after Heavens own heart,
His vigorous warmth did variouſly impart
To Wives and Slaves: and, wide as his Command,
Scatter'd his Makers Image through the Land.
Michal, of Royal Blood, the Crown did wear;
A Soil ungrateful to the Tiller's care:
Not ſo the reſt; for ſeveral Mothers bore
To God-like *David*, ſeveral Sons before.
But, ſince like Slaves his Bed they did aſcend,
No true Succeſſion cou'd their Seed attend.
Of all the numerous Progeny was none
So Beautiful, ſo Brave as *Abſalom*.
Whether, inſpir'd by ſome diviner Luſt,
His Father got him with a greater Guſt;
Or that his conſcious Deſtiny made way
By manly Beauty to Imperial Sway.
Early in foreign Fields he won Renown,
With Kings and States Ally'd to *Iſrael*'s Crown;
In Peace the thought of War he cou'd remove,
And ſeem'd as he were only born for Love.
What e'er he did, was done with ſo much eaſe,
In him alone, 'twas Natural to pleaſe:
His Motions all accompany'd with grace:
And *Paradiſe* was open'd in his Face.
With ſecret Joy, indulgent *David* view'd
His Youthful Image in his Son renew'd:
To all his wiſhes nothing he deny'd;
And made the Charming *Annabel* his Bride.
What faults he had (for who from faults is free?)
His father cou'd not, or he wou'd not ſee.
Some warm exceſſes, which the Law forbore,
Were conſtru'd Youth that purg'd by boiling o'er:
And *Amnon*'s Mother by a ſpecious Name,
Was call'd, a juſt Revenge for injur'd Fame.
Thus prais'd, and lov'd, the noble Youth remain'd,
While *David*, undiſturb'd in *Sion* reign'd.
But Life can never be ſincerely bleſt:
Heav'n puniſhes the bad, and proves the beſt.

The *Jews*, a Head-ſtrong, Moody Murm'ring race,
As ever try'd th' extent and ſtretch of grace;
God's pamper'd People whom, debauch'd with eaſe,
No King cou'd govern, nor no God cou'd pleaſe:
(Gods they had try'd of every ſhape and ſize,
That Gold-ſmiths cou'd produce, or Prieſts deviſe:
Theſe *Adam*-wits, too fortunately free,
Began to dream they wanted Liberty,
And when no rule, no preſident was found,
Of men, by Laws leſs circumſcrib'd and bound;
They led their wild deſires to Woods and Caves;
And thought that all but Savages were Slaves.
They who, when *Saul* was dead, without a blow,
Made fooliſh *Iſhboſheth* the Crown forego;
Who baniſht *David* did from *Hebron* bring,
And, with a General ſhout, proclaim'd him King:
Thoſe very *Jews*, who, at their very beſt,
Their Humour more than Loyalty expreſt,
Now, wondred why, ſo long, they had obey'd
An Idol-Monarch which their hands had made:
Thought they might ruin him they cou'd create;
Or melt him to that Golden Calf, a State.
But theſe were random bolts: No form'd Deſign,
Nor Intereſt made the Factious Croud to joyn;
The ſober part of *Iſrael*, free from ſtain,
Well knew the value of a peaceful Reign;
And, looking backward with a wiſe affright,
Saw ſeams of wounds, diſhoneſt to the ſight;
In contemplation of whoſe ugly Scars,
They curſt the memory of Civil Wars.
The moderate ſort of Men, thus qualifi'd,
Inclin'd the Ballance to the better ſide:
And *David*'s mildneſs manag'd it ſo well,
The bad found no occaſion to rebel.
But, when to Sin our byaſt Nature leans,
The careful Devil is ſtill at hand with means;
And providently Pimps for ill deſires;
The Good Old Cauſe reviv'd, a Plot requires.
Plots, true or falſe, are neceſſary things,
To raiſe up Common-wealths, and ruin Kings.
Th' Inhabitants of Old *Jeruſalem*
Were *Jebuſites*: the Town ſo call'd from them;
And their's the Native right ———
But when the choſen People grew more ſtrong,
The rightful Cauſe at length became the wrong:
And every loſs the men of *Jebus* bore,
They ſtill were thought God's Enemies the more.
Thus, worn and weaken'd, well or ill content,
Submit they muſt to *David*'s Government:

Impo-

Impoverish't and depriv'd of all Command,
Their Taxes doubled as they lost their Land;
And, what was harder yet to flesh and blood,
Their Gods disgrac'd, and burnt like common Wood.
This set the Heathen Priesthood in a flame;
For Priests of all Religions are the same:
Of whatsoe'er descent their Godhead be,
Stock, Stone, or other homely Pedigree,
In his Defence his Servants are as bold,
As if he had been born of beaten Gold.
The *Jewish Rabbins*, though their Enemies,
In this conclude them honest men and wise:
For 'twas their Duty, all the Learned think,
T' espouse his Cause by whom they eat and drink.
From hence began that Plot, the Nation's Curse,
Bad in it self, but represented worse.
Rais'd in extreams, and in extreams decry'd;
With Oaths affirm'd, with dying Vows deny'd.
Not weigh'd, or winnow'd by the Multitude;
But swallow'd in the Mass, unchew'd and crude.
Some truth there was, but dash'd and brew'd with Lies,
To please the Fools, and puzzle all the Wise.
Succeeding Times did equal Folly call,
Believing nothing, or believing all.
Th' *Ægyptian* Rites the *Jebusites* embrac'd;
Where Gods were recommended by their Taste.
Such sav'ry Deities must needs be good,
As serv'd at once for Worship and for Food.
By force they could not introduce these Gods;
For Ten to One, in former days was odds.
So Fraud was us'd, (the Sacrificer's Trade,)
Fools are more hard to conquer than perswade.
Their busie Teachers mingled with the *Jews*;
And rak'd for Converts, even the Court and Stews,
Which *Hebrew Priests* the more unkindly took,
Because the Fleece accompanies the Flock.
Some thought they God's Anointed meant to slay
By Guns, invented since full many a day:
Our Author swears it not; but who can know
How far the Devil and *Jebusites* may go?
This *Plot*, which fail'd for want of common Sense,
Had yet a deep and dangerous Consequence:
For as when raging Fevers boil the Blood,
The standing Lakes soon flouts into a Flood,
And ev'ry hostile Humour; which before
Slept quiet in its Chanels, bubbles o're:
So, several factions from this first Ferment,
Work up to Foam, and threat the Government.

Some

Some by their Friends, more by themſelves thought wiſe,
Oppos'd the Pow'r, to which they could not riſe.
Some had in Courts been great, and thrown from thence,
Like Fiends, were harden'd in Impenitence.
Some, by their Monarch's fatal mercy grown
From pardon'd Rebels, Kinſmen to the Throne;
Were rais'd in Pow'r and publick Office high:
Strong Bands, if Bands ungrateful men cou'd ty.
Of theſe the falſe *Achitophel* was firſt:
A Name to all ſucceeding Ages curſt.
For cloſe Deſigns, and crooked Counſels fit;
Sagacious, Bold, and Turbulent of Wit:
Reſtleſs, unfixt in Principles and Place;
In Pow'r unpleas'd, impatient of Diſgrace.
A fiery Soul, which working out its way,
Fretted the Pigmy-Body to decay;
And o're inform'd the Tenement of Clay.
A daring Pilot in Extremity;
Pleas'd with the Danger, when the Waves went high
He ſought the Storm: but for a Calm unfit,
Would ſteer too nigh the Sands, to boaſt his Wit.
Great Wits are ſure to Madneſs near ally'd;
And thin Partitions do their Bounds divide;
Elſe, why ſhould he, with Wealth and Honour bleſt,
Refuſe his Age the needful hours of Reſt?
Puniſh a Body which he cou'd not pleaſe?
Bankrupt of Life, yet Prodigal of eaſe?
And all to leave, what with his Toil he won,
To that unfeather'd, two-leg'd thing, a Son:
Got, while his Soul did huddl'd Notions try;
And born a ſhapeleſs Lump, like Anarchy.
In Fr'endſhip falſe, implacable in Hate:
Reſolv'd to Ruin or to Rule the State.
To compaſs this, the Triple Bond he broke;
The Pillars of the Publick Safety ſhook:
And fitted *Iſrael* for a Foreign Yoke.
Then ſeiz'd with Fear, yet ſtill affecting Fame,
Uſurp'd a Patriots All-attoning Name.
So eaſie ſtill it proves in Factious Times,
With publick Zeal to cancel private Crimes:
How eaſe is Treaſon, and how ſacred ill,
Where none can ſin againſt the Peoples Will?
Where Crouds can wink; and no offence be known,
Since in another's guilt they find their own.
Yet, Fame deſerv'd, no Enemy can grudge;
The Stateſman we abhor, but praiſe the Judge.
In *Iſrael*'s Courts ne'er ſat an *Abbethdin*
With more diſcerning Eyes, or Hands more clean;

Unbrib'd, unſought, the Wretched to redreſs;
Swift of Diſpatch, and eaſie of Acceſs.
Oh, had he been content to ſerve the Crown,
With Virtues only proper to the Gown;
Or, had the rankneſs of the Soil been freed
From Cockle, that oppreſt the Noble Seed:
David, for him his tuneful Harp had ſtrung,
And Heav'n had wanted one Immortal Song.
But wild Ambition loves to ſlide, not ſtand;
And Fortunes Ice prefers to Virtues Land:
Achitophel, grown weary to poſſeſs
A lawful Fame, and lazy Happineſs;
Diſdain'd the golden Fruit to gather free,
And lent the Croud his Arm to ſhake the Tree.
Now, manifeſt of Crimes, contriv'd long ſince,
He ſtood at bold Defiance with his Prince:
Held up the Buckler of the Peoples Cauſe,
Againſt the Crown; and ſculk'd behind the Laws.
The wiſh'd occaſion of the Plot he takes;
Some Circumſtances finds, but more he makes.
By buzzing Emiſſaries, fills the Ears
Of liſtning Crouds, with Jealouſies and Fears
Of Arbitrary Counſels brought to light,
And proves the King himſelf a *Jebuſite*.
Weak Arguments! which yet he knew full well,
Were ſtrong with People eaſie to Rebel.
For, govern'd by the *Moon*, the giddy *Jews*
Tread the ſame Track when ſhe the Prime renews:
And once in twenty years, their Scribes Record,
By natural Inſtinct they change their Lord.
Achitophel ſtill wants a Chief, and none
Was found ſo fit as War-like *Abſalom*:
Not, that he wiſh'd his Greatneſs to create,
(For Politicians neither love nor hate!)
But, for he knew, his Title not allow'd,
Would keep him ſtill depending on the Croud:
That Kingly Pow'r, thus ebbing out, might be
Drawn to the Dregs of a Democracy.
Him he attempts, with ſtudied Arts to pleaſe,
And ſheds his Venom, in ſuch words as theſe.
Auſpicious Prince, at whoſe Nativity
Some Royal Planet rul'd the Southern Sky;
Thy longing Countries Darling and Deſire,
Their cloudy Pillar, and their guardian Fire:
Their ſecond *Moſes*, whoſe extended Wand
Divides the Seas, and ſhews the promis'd Land:
Whoſe dawning Day, in every diſtant Age,
Has exercis'd the Sacred Prophet's rage:

The Peopl's Pray'r, the glad Diviner's Theme,
The Young mens Viſion, and the Old mens Dream!
Thee, *Saviour*, Thee, the Nations Vows confeſs;
And, never ſatisfi'd with ſeeing, bleſs:
Swift, unbeſpoken Pomps, thy ſteps proclaim,
And ſtammering Babes are taught to liſp thy Name.
How long wilt thou the general Joy detain;
Starve, and defraud the People of thy Reign?
Content inglorioufly to paſs thy days
Like one of Virtue's Fools that feeds on Praiſe;
Till thy freſh Glories, which now ſhine ſo bright,
Grow Stale and Tarniſh with our dayly ſight.
Believe me, Royal Youth, thy Fruit muſt be,
Or gather'd Ripe, or rot upon the Tree.
Heav'n has to all allotted, ſoon or late,
Some lucky Revolution of their Fate:
Whoſe Motions, if we watch and guide with Skill,
(For humane Good depends on humane Will,)
Our Fortune rolls as from a ſmooth Deſcent,
And, from the firſt Impreſſion, takes the Bent:
But, if unſeiz'd, ſhe glides away like wind;
And leaves repenting Folly far behind,
Now, now ſhe meets you with a glorious prize,
And ſpreads her Locks before her as ſhe flies,
Had thus Old *David*, from whoſe Loins you Spring,
Not dar'd, when Fortune call'd him, to be King,
At *Gath* an Exile he might ſtill remain;
And Heav'ns Anointing Oyl had been in vain.
Let his ſucceſsful Youth your hopes engage;
But ſhun th' example of Declining Age:
Behold him ſetting in his Weſtern Skies,
The ſhadows lengthning as the Vapours riſe.
He is not now, as when on *Jordan*'s Sand
The joyful People throng'd to ſee him Land,
Cov'ring the *Beech*, and blackning all the *Strand*:
But, like the Prince of Angels from his height,
Comes tumbling downward with diminiſh'd light:
Betray'd by one poor Plot to publick Scorn:
(Our only bleſſing ſince his curſt Return:)
Thoſe heaps of People which one Sheaf did bind,
Blown off, and ſcatter'd by a puff of Wind.
What ſtrength can he to your Deſigns oppoſe,
Naked of Friends, and round beſet with Foes?
If *Pharaoh*'s doubtful Succour he ſhould uſe,
A Foreign Aid wou'd more incenſe the *Jews*:
Proud *Ægypt* wou'd diſſembled Friendſhip bring;
Foment the War, but not ſupport the King.

Nor wou'd the Royal Party e'er unite
With *Pharaoh*'s Arms, t'assist the *Jebusite*;
Or if they shou'd, their Interest soon wou'd break,
And, with such odious Aid, make *David* weak.
All sorts of men, by my successful Arts,
Abhorring Kings, estrange their alter'd Hearts
From *David*'s Rule: And 'tis their general Cry,
Religion, Common-wealth, and Liberty.
If you, as Champion of the Publick Good,
Add to their Arms a Chief of Royal Blood;
What may not *Israel* hope, and what Applause
Might such a General gain by such a Cause?
Not barren Praise alone, that Gaudy Flow'r,
Fair only to the sight, but solid Pow'r:
And Nobler is a limited Command,
Giv'n by the Love of all your Native Land,
Than a successive Title, Long and Dark,
Drawn from the Mouldy Rolls of *Noah*'s Ark.

What cannot Praise effect in Mighty Minds,
When Flattery Sooths, and when Ambition Blinds!
Desire of Pow'r, on Earth a Vitious Weed,
Yet, sprung from High, is of Cœlestial Seed:
In God 'tis Glory: And when Men Aspire,
'Tis but a Spark too much of Heavenly Fire.
Th' Ambitious Youth, too Covetous of Fame,
Too full of Angels Metal in his Frame;
Unwarily was led from Virtue's ways;
Made Drunk with Honour, and debauch'd with Praise
Half loath, and half consenting to the Ill,
(For Royal Blood within him struggled still)
He thus reply'd.——And what Pretence have I
To take up Arms for Publick Liberty?
My Father Governs with unquestion'd Right:
The Faith's Defender, and Mankind's Delight:
Good, Gracious, Just, Observant of the Laws;
And Heav'n by Wonders has espous'd his Cause.
Whom has he wrong'd in all his Peaceful Reign?
Who sues for Justice to his Throne in vain?
What Millions has he pardon'd of his Foes,
Whom Just Revenge did to his Wrath expose?
Mild, Easie, Humble, Studious of our Good;
Enclin'd to Mercy, and averse from Blood.
If Mildness ill with Stubborn *Israel* Suit,
His Crime is God's beloved Attribute.
What could he gain, his People to Betray,
Or change his Right, for Arbitrary Sway?
Let haughty *Pharaoh* Curse with such a Reign,
His Fruitful *Nile*, and Yoak a Servile Train.

If *David*'s Rule *Jeruſalem* Diſpleaſe,
The *Dog-ſtar* heats their Brains to this Diſeaſe,
Why then ſhould I, encouraging the Bad,
Turn Rebel, and run Popularly Mad?
Were he a Tyrant who, by Lawleſs Might,
Oppreſt the *Jews*, and rais'd the *Jebuſite*,
Well might I mourn; but Natures holy Bands
Wou'd Curb my Spirits, and reſtrain my Hands:
The People might aſſert their Liberty;
But what was Right in them, were Crime in me.
His Favour leaves me nothing to require;
Prevents my Wiſhes, and out-runs Deſire;
What more can I expect while *David* Lives?
All but his Kingly Diadem he gives:
And that: But there he paus'd; then Sighing, ſaid,
Is Juſtly deſtin'd for a Worthier Head.
For when my Father from his Toyls ſhall Reſt,
And late Augment the Number of the Bleſt:
His Lawful Iſſue ſhall the Throne aſcend;
Or the *Collat'ral* Line where that ſhall end.
His Brother, though Oppreſt with Vulgar Spight,
Yet Dauntleſs and Secure of Native Right,
Of every Royal Virtue ſtands poſſeſt;
Still dear to all the Braveſt, and the Beſt.
His Courage Foes, his Friends his Truth Proclaim,
His Loyalty the King, the World his Fame.
His Mercy ev'n th' Offending Croud will find;
For ſure he comes of a Forgiving Kind.
Why ſhould I then Repine at Heavens Decree;
Which gives me no pretence to Royalty?
Yet oh that Fate, Propitiouſly Inclin'd,
Had rais'd my Birth, or had debas'd my Mind,
To my large Soul, not all her Treaſure lent,
And then betray'd it to a mean Deſcent.
I find, I find my mounting Spirits Bold,
And *David*'s Part diſdains my Mothers Mold.
Why am I ſcanted by a Niggard Birth?
My Soul diſclaims the Kindred of her Earth;
And, made for Empire, Whiſpers me within;
Deſire of Greatneſs is a God like Sin.

Him Staggering ſo when Hells dire Agent found,
While fainting Virtue ſcarce maintain'd her Ground,
He pours freſh Forces in, and thus Replies:
Th' Eternal God, Supremely Good and Wiſe,
Imparts not theſe Prodigious Gifts in vain;
What Wonders are Reſerv'd to bleſs your Reign?
Againſt your will your Arguments have ſhown,
Such Virtue's only given to guide a Throne.

Not that your Father's Mildneſs I contemn;
But manly Force becomes the Diadem.
'Tis true he grants the People all they crave;
And more perhaps than Subjects ought to have:
For lavish grants ſuppoſe a Monarch tame,
And more his Goodneſs than his Wit proclaim.
But when ſhould People ſtrive their Bonds to break,
If not when Kings are Negligent or Weak?
Let him give on till he can give no more,
The Thrifty Sanhedrin ſhall keep him poor:
And every Sheckle which he can receive,
Shall coſt a Limb of his Prerogative.
To ply him with new Plots, ſhall be my care;
Or plunge him deep in ſome Expenſive War;
Which when his Treaſure can no more ſupply,
He muſt, with the Remains of Kingſhip, buy:
His faithful Friends, our Jealouſies and Fears,
Call *Jebuſites*; and *Pharaoh*'s Penſioners:
Whom, when our Fury from his Aid has torn,
He ſhall be naked left to publick Scorn.
The next Succeſſor, whom I fear and hate,
My Arts have made obnoxious to the State;
Turn'd all his Virtues to his Overthrow,
And gain'd our Elders to pronounce a Foe.
His Right, for Sums of neceſſary Gold,
Shall firſt be Pawn'd, and afterwards be Sold:
Till time ſhall Ever-wanting *David* draw,
To paſs your doubtful Title into Law:
If not the People have a Right Supreme
To make their Kings; for Kings are made for them.
All Empire is no more than Pow'r in Truſt:
Which when reſum'd, can be no longer Juſt.
Succeſſion, for the general Good deſign'd,
In its own wrong a Nation cannot bind:
If altering that, the People can relieve,
Better one ſuffer than a Nation grieve.
The *Jews* well knew their pow'r: e'er *Saul* they choſe,
God was their King, and God they durſt Depoſe.
Urge now your Piety, your Filial Name,
A Father's Right, and Fear of future Fame.
The Publick Good, that Univerſal Call,
To which even Heav'n ſubmitted, anſwers all.
Nor let his Love Enchant your generous Mind;
'Tis Nature's trick to propagate her Kind.
Our fond Begetters, who would never die,
Love but themſelves in their Poſterity.
Or let his Kindneſs by th' Effects be try'd,
Or let him lay his vain Pretence aſide.

God said he lov'd your Father; could he bring
A better Proof, than to Anoint him King?
It surely shew'd he lov'd the Shepherd well,
Who gave so fair a Flock as *Israel*.
Would *David* have you thought his Darling Son?
What means he then, to Alienate the Crown?
The name of Godly he may blush to bear:
'Tis after God's own heart to Cheat his Heir.
He to his Brother gives Supreme Command;
To you a Legacy of Barren Land.
Perhaps th' on which he thrums his Lays;
Or some dull *Hebrew* Ballad in your Praise.
Then the next Heir, a Prince, Severe and Wise,
Already looks on you with Jealous Eyes;
Sees through the thin Disguises of your Arts,
And marks the Progress in the Peoples Hearts.
Though now his mighty Soul its Grief contains;
He meditates Revenge who least complains.
And like a Lion, Slumbring in the way,
Or Sleep dissembling, while he waits his Prey,
His fearless Foes within his Distance draws;
Constrains his Roaring, and contracts his Paws:
Till at the last, his time for Fury sound,
He shoots with sudden Vengeance from the Ground:
The Prostrate Vulgar, passes o'er, and Spares,
But with a Lordly Rage, his Hunters Tears.
Your Case no tame Expedients will afford:
Resolve on Death, or Conquest by the Sword,
Which for no less a Stake than Life, you Draw;
And Self-defence is Nature's Eldest Law.
Leave the warm People no Considering time:
For then Rebellion may be thought a Crime.
Prevail your self of what Occasion gives,
But try your Title while your Father lives:
And, that your Arms may have a fair Pretence,
Proclaim, you take them in the King's Defence:
Whose Sacred Life each minute would Expose,
To Plots, from seeming Friends, and secret Foes.
And who can sound the depth of *David*'s Soul?
Perhaps his Fear, his kindness may Controll.
He fears his Brother, though he loves his Son,
For plighted Vows too late to be undone.
If so, by Force he wishes to be gain'd:
Like Womens Leachery, to seem constrain'd:
Doubt not: but, when he most affects the Frown,
Commit a pleasing Rape upon the Crown:
Secure his Person to secure your Cause;
They who possess the Prince, possess the Laws.

He said. And this Advice above the rest,
With *Absalom*'s Mild Nature suited best;
Unblam'd of Life, (Ambition set aside)
Not stain'd with Cruelty, nor puffe with Pride.
How happy had he been, if Destiny
Had higher plac'd his Birth, or not so high!
His Kingly Virtues might have claim'd a Throne;
And blest all other Countries but his own.
But charming Greatness, since so few refuse;
'Tis Juster to Lament him, than Accuse.
Strong were his hopes a Rival to remove,
With Blandishments to gain the publick Love;
To head the Faction while their Zeal was hot,
And Popularly prosecute the Plot.
To further this *Achitophel* Unites
The Male-contents of all the *Israelites*:
Whose differing Parties he could wisely Joyn,
For several Ends, to serve the same Design.
The Best, and of the Princes some were such,
Who thought the pow'r of Monarchy too much:
Mistaken Men, and Patriots in their Hearts;
Not Wicked, but seduc'd by Impious Arts.
By these the Springs of Property were bent,
And wound so high, they Crack't the Government.
The next for Int'rest sought t' embroil the State,
To sell their Duty at a dearer rate;
And make their *Jewish* Markets of the Throne;
Pretending Publick Good, to serve their own.
Others thought Kings an useless heavy Load,
Who cost too much, and did too little Good.
These were for laying Honest *David* by,
On Principles of pure good Husbandry.
With them joyn'd all the Haranguers of the Throng,
That thought to get Preferment by the Tongue.
Who follow next, a double danger bring,
Not only hating *David*, but the King;
The *Solymæan* Rout; well Vers'd of old,
In Godly Faction, and in Treason bold;
Lowring and Quaking at a Conq'ror's Sword,
But Lofty to a Lawful Prince Restor'd;
Saw with Disdain an *Ethnick* Plot begun,
And Scorn'd by *Jebusites* to be Out-done.
Hot *Levites* Headed these; who pull'd before
From th' *Ark*, which in the Judges days they bore,
Resum'd their Cant, and with a Zealous Cry,
Pursu'd their old beloy'd Theocracy.
Where Sanhedrin and Priest enslav'd the Nation,
And justifi'd their Spoils by Inspiration;

For

For who ſo fit for Reign as *Aaron*'s Race,
If once Dominion they could found in Grace?
Theſe led the Pack; though not of ſureſt ſcent,
Yet deepeſt mouth'd againſt the Government.
A numerous Hoſt of dreaming Saints ſucceed;
Of the true old Enthuſiaſtick Breed:
'Gainſt Form and Order they their Pow'r employ:
Nothing to Build, and all things to Deſtroy.
But far more numerous was the Herd of ſuch,
Who think too little, and who talk too much.
Theſe out of more inſtinct, they knew not why,
Ador'd their Father's God, and Property:
And, by the ſame blind Benefit of Fate,
The Devil and the *Jebuſite* did hate:
Born to be ſav'd, even in their own deſpight;
Becauſe they could not help believing right.
Such were the Tools; but a whole Hydra more
Remains, of ſprouting heads too long to ſcore.
Some of their Chiefs were Princes of the Land:
In the firſt Rank of theſe did *Zimri* ſtand: *Diod. Sicul. l. 14. p. 511. 12.*
A man ſo various, that he ſeem'd to be
Not one, but all Mankinds Epitome.
Stiff in Opinions, always in the wrong;
Was every thing by ſtarts, and Nothing long;
But, in the courſe of one revolving Moon,
Was Chymiſt, Fidler, Statef man and Buffoon:
Then all for Women, Painting, Rhiming, Drinking:
Beſides ten thouſand Freaks that dy'd in thinking.
Bleſt Madman, who cou'd every hour employ,
With ſomething New to wiſh, or to enjoy!
Railing and praiſing were his uſual Themes;
And both (to ſhew his Judgment) in Extremes:
So over Violent, or over Civil,
That every Man, with him, was God or Devil.
In ſquandering Wealth was his peculiar Art:
Nothing went unrewarded, but Deſert.
Beggar'd by Fools, whom ſtill he found too late:
He had his Jeſt, and they had his Eſtate.
He laugh'd himſelf from Court; then ſought Relief;
By forming Parties, but cou'd ne'er be Chief:
For ſpight of him, the weight or Buſineſs fell
On *Abſalom*, and wiſe *Achitophel*:
Thus, wicked but in Will, of Means bereſt,
He left not Faction, but of That was left.

Titles and Names 'twere tedious to rehearſe
Of Lords, below the Dignity of Verſe.
Wits, Warriors, Common-wealths-men, were the beſt:
Kind Husbands, and mere Nobles all the reſt.

And

And therefore, in the name of Dulneſs, be
The well hung *Balaam* and cold *Caleb* free.
And Canting *Nadab* let Oblivion damn,
Who made new Porridge for the Paſchal Lamb.
Let Friendſhips holy Band ſome Names aſſure:
Some their own Worth, and ſome let Scorn ſecure.
Nor ſhall the Raſcal Rabble here have Place,
Whom Kings no Titles gave, and God no Grace:
Not Bull-fac'd *Jonas*, we cou'd Statutes draw
To mean Rebellion, and make Treaſon Law.
But he, though bad, is follow'd by a worſe,
The Wretch, whoſe Heav'ns Anointed dar'd to Curſe,
Shimei, whoſe Youth did early Promiſe bring
Of Zeal to God, and Hatred to his King;
Did wiſely from Expenſive Sins refrain,
And never broke the Sabbath, but for Gain:
Nor ever was he known an Oath to vent,
Or Curſe, unleſs againſt the Government.
Thus, heaping Wealth, by the moſt ready way
Among the *Jews*, which was to Cheat and Pray;
The City, to reward his pious Hate
Againſt his Maſter, choſe him Magiſtrate:
His Hand a Vare of Juſtice did uphold;
His Neck was loaded with a Chain of Gold.
During his Office, Treaſon was no Crime.
The Sons of *Belial* had a Glorious Time:
For *Shimei*, though not prodigal of Pelf,
Yet lov'd his wicked Neighbour as himſelf:
When two or three were gather'd to Declaim
Againſt the Monarch of *Jeruſalem*,
Shimei was always in the midſt of them.
And, if they Curſt the King when he was by,
Would rather Curſe, than break good Company.
If any durſt his Factious Friends accuſe,
He pack'd a Jury of diſſenting *Jews*:
Whoſe fellow feeling in the godly Cauſe,
Wou'd free the ſuff'ring Saint from Humane Laws.
For Laws are only made to puniſh thoſe
Who ſerve the King, and to protect his Foes.
If any leiſure time he had from Pow'r,
(Becauſe 'tis Sin to miſ-employ an hour:)
His Buſ'neſs was, by Writing to perſwade,
That Kings were Uſeleſs, and a Clog to Trade:
And, that his noble Style he might refine,
No *Rechabite* more ſhun'd the fumes of Wine.
Chaſt were his Cellars; and his Shrieval Board
The Groſſneſs of a City Feaſt abhor'd:

His Cooks, with long diſuſe, their Trade forgot;
Cool was his Kitchen, though his Brains were hot.
Such frugal Virtue Malice may accuſe;
But ſure 'twas neceſſary to the *Jews*:
For Towns once burnt, ſuch Magiſtrates require
As dare not tempt God's Providence by Fire.
With Spiritual Food he fed his Servants well,
But free from Fleſh, that made the *Jews* rebel:
And *Moſes*'s Laws he held in more account,
For forty days of faſting in the Mount.
To ſpeak the reſt, who better are forgot,
Would tire a well breath'd Witneſs of the Plot:
Yet, *Corah*, thou ſhalt from Oblivion paſs;
Erect thy ſelf thou Monumental Braſs:
High as the Serpent of thy Metal made,
While Nations ſtand ſecure beneath thy ſhade.
What though his birth were baſe, yet Comets riſe
From Earthly Vapours e're they ſhine in Skies.
Prodigious Actions may as well be done
By Weaver's Iſſue, as by Prince's Son.
This Arch-Atteſtor for the Publick Good,
By that one Deed Enobles all his Blood.
Who ever ask'd the Witneſſes high Race,
Whoſe Oath with Martyrdom did *Stephen* grace?
Ours was a *Levite*, and as times went then,
His Tribe were God Almighty's Gentlemen.
Sunk were his Eyes, his Voice was harſh and loud,
Sure ſigns he neither Cholerick was, nor Proud:
His long Chin prov'd his Wit; his Saint-like Grace
A Church Vermillion, and a *Moſes*'s Face.
His Memory miraculouſly great;
Cou'd Plots, exceeding Man's belief, repeat.
Which therefore cannot be accounted Lies,
For Human Wit cou'd never ſuch deviſe.
Some future Truths are mingled in his Book;
But where the Witneſs fail'd, the Prophet ſpoke:
Some things like Viſionary flights appear;
The ſpirit caught him up the Lord knows where:
And gave him his *Rabinical* Degree,
Unknown to Foreign Univerſity.
His Judgment yet his Mem'ry did excel;
Which piec'd his wondrous Evidence ſo well:
And ſuited to the temper of the Times,
Then groaning under *Jebuſitick* Crimes.
Let *Iſrael*'s Foes ſuſpect his Heav'nly call,
And raſhly Judge his Writ Apocryphal;
Our Laws for ſuch affronts have Forfeits made;
He takes his Life, who takes away his Trade.

Were I my ſelf in Witneſs *Corah*'s place,
The Wretch who did me ſuch a dire diſgrace,
Shou'd whet my memory, though once forgot,
To make him an Appendix of my Plot.
His Zeal to Heav'n, made him his Prince deſpiſe,
And load his Perſon with Indignities:
But Zeal peculiar privilege affords;
Indulging latitude to Deeds and Words.
And *Corah* might for *Agag*'s Murther call:
In terms as courſe as *Samuel* us'd to *Saul*,
What others in his Evidence did join,
(The beſt that cou'd be had for love or coin,)
In *Corah*'s own predicament will fall:
For *Witneſs* is a Common Name to all.
Surrounded thus with Friends of every ſort;
Deluded *Abſalom*, forſakes the Court:
Impatient of high hopes, urg'd with Renown,
And Fir'd with near Poſſeſſion of a Crown:
Th' admiring Croud are dazled with ſurprize,
And on his Goodly Perſon feed their Eyes:
His joy conceal'd, he ſets himſelf to ſhow;
On each ſide bowing popularly low:
His looks, his geſtures, and his words he frames.
And with familiar eaſe repeats their Names.
Thus form'd by Nature, furniſht out with Arts,
He glides unfelt into their ſecret hearts.
Then, with a kind compaſſionating look,
And ſighs, beſpeaking pity e'er he ſpoke,
Few words he ſaid; but eaſie thoſe and fit,
More ſlow than Hybla-drops, and far more ſweet.
I mourn, my Country-men, your loſt Eſtate;
Though far unable to prevent your Fate:
Behold a baniſht Man, for your dear Cauſe
Expos'd a Prey to Arbitrary Laws!
Yet oh! that I alone cou'd be undone,
Cut off from Empire, and no more a Son!
Now all your Liberties a Spoil are made;
Ægypt and *Tyrus* intercept your Trade,
And *Jebuſites* your Sacred Rites invade.
My Father, whom with Reverence yet I name,
Charm'd into eaſe, is careleſs of his Fame:
And brib'd with petty ſums of Foreign Gold,
Is grown in *Bathſheba*'s Embraces old:
Exalts his Enemies, his Friends deſtroys:
And all his pow'r againſt himſelf employs.
He gives, and let him give my Right away:
But why ſhould he his own and yours betray?

He only, he can make the Nation bleed,
And he alone from my Revenge is freed.
Take then my Tears (with that he wip'd his Eyes)
'Tis all the Aid my preſent pow'r ſupplies:
No Court-Informer can theſe Arms Accuſe;
Theſe Arms may Sons againſt their Fathers uſe;
And 'tis my wiſh the next Succeſſor's Reign
May make no other *Iſraelites* complain.
Youth, Beauty, Graceful Action, ſeldom fail:
But Common Intereſt always will prevail:
And Pity never ceaſes to be ſhown,
To him, who makes the Peoples wrongs his own.
The Croud, (that ſtill believe their Kings oppreſs,)
With lifted hands their young *Meſſiah* bleſs:
Who now begins his progreſs to ordain;
With Chariots, Horſemen, and a num'rous Train:
From Eaſt to Weſt his Glories he diſplays:
And, like the Sun, the Promis'd Land ſurveys.
Fame runs before him, as the Morning Star;
And ſhouts of Joy ſalute him from afar:
Each houſe receives him as a Guardian God;
And Conſecrates the Place of his abode:
But hoſpitable Treats did moſt commend
Wiſe *Iſſachar*, his wealthy Weſtern Friend.
This moving Court, that caught the Peoples Eyes,
And ſeem'd but Pomp, did other Ends diſguiſe:
Achitophel had form'd it, with intent
To ſound the depths, and fathom where it went,
The Peoples hearts; diſtinguiſh Friends from Foes;
And try their ſtrength, before they came to Blows.
Yet all was colour'd with a ſmooth pretence
Of ſpecious Love, and Duty to their Prince.
Religion, and Redreſs of Grievances,
Two names that always chear, and always pleaſes,
Are often urg'd; and good King *David*'s life
Endanger'd by a Brother and a Wife.
Thus in a Pageant Shew; a Plot is made;
And Peace it ſelf is War in Maſquerade.
Oh fooliſh *Iſrael!* never warn'd by ill!
Still the ſame bait, and circumvented ſtill!
Did ever men forſake their preſent caſe,
In midſt of Health imagine a Diſeaſe;
Take pains Contingent miſchiefs to foreſee,
Make heirs for Monarchs, and for God decree?
What ſhall we think! Can People give away,
Both for themſelves and Sons, their native Sway?
Then they are left defenceleſs to the Sword
Of each unbounded arbitrary Lord:

And Laws are vain, by which we Right enjoy,
If Kings unqueſtion'd can thoſe Laws deſtroy.
Yet if the Croud be judge of fit and juſt,
And Kings are only Officers in Truſt,
Then this reſuming Cov'nant was declar'd
When Kings were made, or is for ever bar'd:
If thoſe who gave the Sceptre cou'd not tie
By their own deed their own Poſterity,
How then cou'd *Adam* bind his future Race?
How cou'd his forfeit on Mankind take place?
Or how cou'd Heavenly Juſtice damn us all,
Who ne'er conſented to our Father's Fall?
Then Kings are ſlaves to thoſe whom they command,
And Tenants to their Peoples pleaſure ſtand.
Add, that the Power for Property allow'd,
Is miſchievouſly ſeated in the Croud:
For who can be ſecure of private Right,
If Sovereign Sway be diſſolv'd by Might?
Nor is the Peoples Judgment always true:
The moſt may err, as groſly as the Few.
And faultleſs Kings run down, by Common Cry,
For Vice, Oppreſſion, and for Tyranny.
What Standard is there in a fickle Rout,
Which flowing to the Mark, runs faſter out?
Nor only Crouds, but Sanhedrin may be
Infected with this Publick Lunacy:
And Share the madneſs of Rebellious Times,
To Murther Monarchs for Imagin'd Crimes.
If they may give and take whene'er they pleaſe,
Not Kings alone, (the Gild head Images,)
But Government it ſelf at length muſt fall
To Nature's State, where all have Right to all.
Yet, grant our Lords the People Kings can make,
What prudent men a ſetled Throne wou'd ſhake?
For whatſoe'er their ſufferings were before,
That Change they Covet makes them ſuffer more.
All other Errours but diſturb a State;
But Innovation is the Blow of Fate.
If ancient Fabricks nod, and threat to fall,
To patch the Flaws, and Buttreſs of the Wall,
Thus far 'tis Duty; but here fix the Mark;
For all beyond it is to touch our Ark.
To change Foundations, caſt the Frame anew,
Is work for Rebels who baſe ends purſue:
At once Divine and Humane Laws controul;
And mend the Parts by ruine of the Whole.
The ramp'ring World is ſubject to this Curſe,
To Phyſick their Diſeaſe into a Worſe.

Now what Relief can Righteous *David* bring?
How Fatal 'tis to be too good a King!
Friends he has few, for high the madness grows;
Who dare be such, must be the Peoples Foes:
Yet some there were, ev'n in the worst of days;
Some let me Name, and Naming is to Praise.
In this short File *Barzillai* first appears;
Barzillai crown'd with Honour and with Years;
Long since, the rising Rebels he withstood
In regions Waste beyond the *Jordan*'s Flood:
Unfortunately Brave to buoy the State;
But sinking underneath his Master's Fate:
In Exile with his God-like Prince he mourn'd:
For him he Suffer'd, and with him Return'd.
The Court he practis'd, not the Courtier's Art:
Large was his Wealth, but larger was his Heart:
Which, well the Noblest Objects knew to chuse,
The Fighting Warriour, and Recording Muse.
His Bed cou'd once a fruitful Issue boast;
Now more than half a Father's Name is lost.
His Eldest Hope, with every Grace adorn'd,
By me (so Heav'n will have it) always Mourn'd,
And always honour'd, snatch'd in Manhoods prime
B' unequal Fates, and Providences Crime:
Yet not before the Goal of Honour own
All Parts fulfill'd of Subject and of Son;
Swift was the Race, but short the Time to run.
Oh Narrow Circle, but of Pow'r Divine,
Scanted in Space, but perfect in thy Line!
By Sea, by Land, thy matchless Worth was known;
Arms thy Delight, and War was all thy Own:
Thy force, infus'd, the fainting *Tyrians* prop'd:
And haughty *Pharaoh* found his Fortune stop'd.
Oh Ancient Honour, Oh unconquer'd Hand,
Whom Foes unpunish'd never cou'd withstand!
But *Israel* was unworthy of his Name:
Short is the date of all Immoderate Fame:
It looks as Heav'n our Ruin had design'd,
And durst not trust thy Fortune and thy Mind.
Now free from Earth, thy disencombred Soul
Mounts up, and leaves behind the Clouds and Starry Pole:
From thence thy kindred Legions may'st thou bring,
To aid the Guardian Angel of thy King.
Here stop, my Muse, here cease thy painful flight;
No Pinions can pursue Immortal height:
Tell good *Barzillai* thou can'st sing no more,
And tell thy Soul he should have fled before.

Or

Or fled he with his Life, and left this Verse
To hang on her departed Patron's Hearse?
Now take thy steepy flight from Heav'n, (and see
If thou canst find on Earth another He;
Another He would be too hard to find,
See then whom thou can see not far behind
Zadoc the Priest, whom shunning, Pow'r and (Place,
His lowly mind advanc'd to David's Grace:
With him the Sagan of Jerusalem,
Of hospitable Soul, and noble Stem;
Him of the western dome, whose weighty (sense
Flows in fit words and heavenly eloquence.
The Prophets Sons by such Example led,
To Learning and to Loyalty were bred:
For Colleges on bounteous Kings depend,
And never Rebel was to Arts a Friend.
To these succeed the Pillars of the Laws:
Who best cou'd plead, and best can judge a (Cause.
Next them a train of Loyal Peers ascend,
Sharp judging Adriel, the Muses Friend,
Himself a Muse:——In Sanhedrins debate
True to his Prince; but not a Slave of State.
Whom David's Love with Honour did a- (dorn,
That from his disobedient Son were torn.
Jotham of piercing Wit, and pregnant (Thought,
Endu'd by Nature, and by Learning taught
To move Assemblies, who but only try'd
The worse a-while, then chose the better (side:
Nor chose alone but turn'd the Balance too;
So much the weight of one Brave man can (do.
Hushai the Friend of David in distress,
In publish storms of manly stedfastness;
By Foreign Treaties he inform'd his Youth;
And join'd Experience to his Native Truth.
His frugal care supply'd the wanting Throne
Frugal for that, but bounteous of his own:
'Tis easie Conduct when Exchequers flow:
But hate the task to manage well the low?
For Sovereign Pow'r is too depress or high,
When Kings are forc'd to sell, or Crouds to (buy;
Indulge one labour more, my weary Muse?
For Amiel; who can Amiel's praise refuse
Of ancient Race by birth, but nobler yet
In his own worth, and without Title Great:
The Sanhedrin long time as Chief he rul'd,
Their Reason guided, and their passion (cool'd:
So dextrous was he in the Crown's defence,
So form'd to speak a Loyal Nation's Sense,
That as their Bands was Israel's Tribes in (small,
So fit was he to represent them all.
Now rather Charioteers the Seat ascend,
Whose loose Careirs his steady Skill com- (mend:
They, like th' unequal Ruler of the Day,
Misguide the Seasons, and mistake the Way
While he withdrawn at their mad Labour (smile,
And safe enjoys the Sabbath of his Toils.
These were the chief; a small but (faithful Band
Of Worthies, in the Breach who dar'd (to stand
And tempt th' united Fury of the Land.
With grief they view'd such powerful En- (gines bent,
To batter down the Lawful Government
A numerous Faction with pretended lights
In Sanhedrins to plume the Regal Rights,
The true Successor from the Court remov'd;
The Plot, by hireling Witnesses, improv'd.
These Ills they saw, and as their Duty Bound,
They shew'd the King the danger of the (Wound;
That no Concessions from the Throne (wou'd please;
But Lenitives fomented the Disease:
That Absalom, ambitious of the Crown,
Was made the Lure to draw the People (down:
That false Achitophel's pernicious Hate,
Had turn'd the Plot to ruin Church and (State:
The Council violent, the Rabble worse:
That Shimei taught Jerusalem to Curse,
With all these loads of Injuries oppress,
And long revolving in his careful Breast
Th' event of things; at last, his Patience (tir'd,
Thus, from his Royal Throne, by Heav'n (inspir'd,
The God-like David spoke; with awful fear
His Train their Maker in their Master hear.
Thus long have I by Native Mercy sway'd
My wrongs dissembl'd, my Revenge de- (lay'd:
So willing to forgive th' Offending Age;
So much the Father did the King Asswage:
But now so far my Clemency they slight,
Th' Offenders question my Forgiving (Right;
That one was made for many, they contend;
But 'tis to Rule, for that's a Monarch's End.
They call my tenderness of Blood, my Fear;
Though manly Tempers can the Largest (bear.

Yet

Yet, since they will divert my Native course,
'Tis time to shew I am not good by Force.
Those heap'd Affronts that haughty Subjects bring,
Are Burthens for a Camel, not a King:
Kings are the publick Pillars of the State,
Born to sustain and prop the Nation's weight:
If my young *Sampson* will pretend a Call
To shake the Column, let him share the Fall:
But, oh, that yet he would repent and live!
How easie 'tis for Parents to forgive!
With how few Tears a Pardon might be won
From Nature, pleading for a Darling Son!
Poor, pitied Youth, by my Paternal care,
Rais'd up to all the height his Frame cou'd bear:
Had God ordain'd his Fate for Empire Born,
He wou'd have given his Soul another turn:
Gull'd with a Patriot's name, whose Modern sense
Is one that wou'd by Law supplant his Prince:
The Peoples Brave, the Politicians Tool;
Never was Patriot yet, but was a Fool.
Whence comes it that Religion and the Laws,
Should more be *Absalom*'s than *David*'s Cause?
His old Instructor, e'er he lost his Place,
Was never thought indu'd with so much Grace.
Good Heav'ns, how Faction can a Patriot Paint!
My Rebel ever proves my Peoples Saint:
Wou'd *They* impose an Heir upon the Throne?
Let Sanhedrins be taught to give their Own.
A King's at least a part of Government;
And mine as requisite as their Consent:
Without my leave a future King to choose,
Infers a Right the Present to Depose:
True, they petition me t' approve their Choice;
But *Esau*'s Hands suit ill with *Jacob*'s Voice.
My pious Subjects for my Safety pray,
Which to secure, they take my Pow'r away;
From Plots and Treasons Heav'n preserve my Years,
But save me most from my Petitioners.
Unsatiate as the barren Womb or Grave;
God cannot grant so much as they can crave.
What then is left, but with a jealous Eye
To guard the small Remains of Royalty;
The Law shall still direct my peaceful Sway,
And the same Law teach Rebels to obey:
Votes shall no more Establish'd Pow'r control,
Such Votes as make a Part exceed the Whole:
No groundless Clamours shall my Friends remove,
Nor Crouds have Pow'r to punish e'er they prove:

For

For Gods, and God-like Kings their Care expreſs,
Still to defend their Servants in diſtreſs.
Oh, that my Pow'r to Saving were confin'd!
Why am I forc'd like Heav'n againſt my mind,
To make Examples of another Kind?
Muſt I at length the Sword of Juſtice draw?
Oh, curs'd Effects of neceſſary Law!
How ill my Fear they by my Mercy ſcan,
Beware the Fury of a Patient Man.
Law they require, let Law then ſhew her Face;
They could not be content to look on Grace
Her hinder Parts, but with a daring Eye
To tempt the Terrour of her Front, and Dy,
By their own Arts, 'tis Righteouſly decreed,
Thoſe dire Artificers of Death ſhall bleed.
Againſt themſelves their Witneſſes will ſwear,
Till, Viper-like, their Mother Plot they tear:
And ſuch for Nutriment that bloody Gore
Which was their Principle of Life before.
Their *Belial* with their *Beelzebub* will fight;
Thus on my Foes, my Foes ſhall do me right:
Nor doubt th' Event: for Factious Crouds engage
In their firſt Onſet, all their Brutal Rage.
Then let 'em take an unreſiſted Courſe:
Retire and Traverſe, and Delude their Force:
But when they ſtand all Breathleſs, urge the Fight,
And riſe upon 'em with redoubled Might:
For lawful Pow'r is ſtill Superiour found,
When long driv'n back, at length it ſtands the ground.
He ſaid. Th' Almighty nodding gave conſent;
And Peals of Thunder ſhook the Firmament.
Henceforth a Series of new Time began,
The mighty Years in long Proceſſion ran:
Once more the God-like *David* was reſtor'd,
And willing Nations knew their Lawful Lord.

FINIS.

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TO prevent the Publicks being impos'd on; this is to give notice, that the Book lately Publiſh'd in 4to *is very Imperfect and Uncorrect in ſo much that above Thirty Lines are omitted in ſeveral Places, and many groſs Errors committed, which pervert the Sence.*